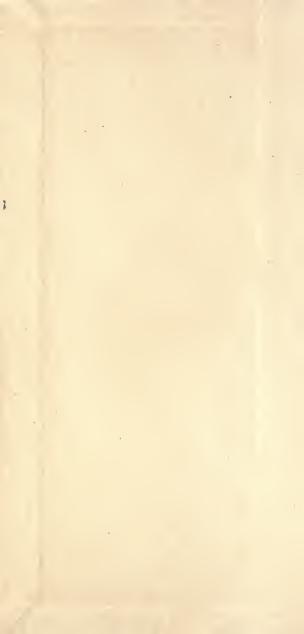
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TO Y FRIEND ES WHITCOMB RILEY



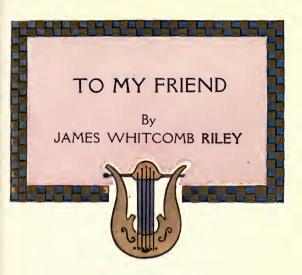












Decorated by Emily Hall Chamberlain







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TO MY FRIEND



ER forty year and better you have been a friend to me,

Through days of sore afflictions and dire adversity,





You allus had a kind word of counsul to impart,

Which was like a healin' 'intment to the sorrow of my hart.





At the last Old

Settlers' Meetin'

we went j'intly,

you and me—

Your hosses and my wagon, as you wanted it to be;





And sence I can remember, from the time we've neghbored here,

In all sich friendly actions you have double-done your sheer.





It was better than
the meetin', too,
that nine-mile
talk we had

Of the times when we first settled here and travel was so bad;





When we had to go on hoss-back, and sometimes on "Shanks's mare,"

And "blaze" a road fer them behind that had to travel thare.





And now we was a-trottin' 'long a level gravel pike,

In a big two-hoss road-wagon, jest as easy as you like—





Two of us on the front seat, and our wimmern-folks behind,

A-settin' in theyr
Winsor-cheers in
perfect peace of
mind!





Ways was devius,
William Leachman,
that me and you
has past;

But as I found you true at first, I find you true at last;





And, now the time's a-comin' mighty nigh our jurney's end,

I want to throw
wide open all my
soul to you,
my friend.





With the stren'th
of all my bein',
and the heat of
hart and brane,

And ev'ry livin'
drop of blood in
artery and vane,





I love you and respect you, and I venerate your name,

Fer the name of
William Leachman
and True
Manhood's
jest the same!





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PS2704 T6 1914 Riley, James Whitcomb, 1849-1916. To my friend,





